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THE TRUSTS AND SOCIALISM.

It is a curious state of things that the political party in this country which is given to denouncing its opponents as socialists is itself the prime promoter of socialism. The protective policy is paternalism undisguised. It teaches the people to look upon the Government as an agency outside of themselves which may rightfully take from one and give to another, and enrich its favorites. The protective policy is the mother of trusts, and the Republican party has them all among its supporters.

These trusts delight the true socialist. To him they are gratifying proof that unrestrained individualism is by evolution working toward collectivism. The concentration of capital made possible by the improved means of production, communication and transportation, and which results in trusts, the socialist regards as a movement altogether desirable. What he wishes for, what he expects, is that when the business of the country shall come under the control of a few great trusts the Government will step in and substitute itself for the individuals in enjoyment of the monopolies. Then we should have the Government as the only capitalist, the only employer, and the co-operative commonwealth, the dream of the socialist, would be realized.

Of course there is nothing of which the Rockefellers and Carnegies and Huntingtons disapprove so heartily as socialism. They abhor the word, and so do their good friends the respectable politicians of the Republican party, who give them a protective tariff, the gold standard and whatever else they think necessary to the increase of their profits and power. It will strike the millionaires of the trusts and their servitors as grotesque to accuse them of being socialists, yet the professed socialists recognize in them, if not brothers in purpose, then instrumentalities immensely potent for the breaking down of our competitive civilization.

Senator Chandler, also, will be astonished, and vastly amused, too, perhaps, to find himself classed as a socialist. But, whether he knows it or not, he is really fulfilling socialistic prophecy. The Bethlehem and Carnegie steel trust having refused to furnish armor for our war ships except on its own terms, Senator Chandler has introduced a bill to authorize the authorities to take possession of the works and operate them until the Government has supplied itself with all the armor it needs.

If the trusts are not too dull to perceive the significance of this Chandler bill they will mend their ways, moderate their appetites and not provoke the people to applaud a proposal which may readily be extended in its application to trusts other than the greedy and defiant, if strictly businesslike, armor combine. The American people are far from being socialistic in intention, but there is danger, real danger, that in their resentment at the power and aggressiveness of private capital they may be goaded into giving countenance to such acts of reprisal as that contemplated by the indignant Chandler—which would be rank socialism.

Extremes have an inherent tendency to meet, and the trusts by pursuing their own selfish ends are blindly pushing themselves toward destruction through Governmental absorption. The movement is not one that entices the American spirit, which is naturally self-reliant and in- y individual. But if the issue should be brought to the form: "Shall the trusts run the Government, or the Government run the trusts?" it needs no special foresight to predict the popular answer. Therefore every American who by instinct and conviction is hostile to socialism should by reason of that hostility be in opposition to the political party which nurtures and coddles the trusts.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FITZ.

This assuredly is a world that cannot meet with the approval of the judicious. Things are constantly occurring in it which distress the moralist, offend intelligence and outrage refined taste. On Tuesday, for example, many thousand New Yorkers crowded certain streets of the metropolis, at some risk to life and limb, to welcome, cheer and honor a fellow being who had just arrived and whose sole claim to distinction is that he is not so far removed from the gorilla as most of us are. Because of his superior nearness to the simian ancestor he is able to fight wi- an almost inhuman energy and skill. It is agreed o other member of the race now living can batter him sensibility with the fists. Therefore is Mr. Robert mons deemed worthy of wealth and greatness and isance of millions.

nonsense to say that these millions are all ignorant, nd debased. The average man, being by instinct less of a fighting animal, at least by desire, dis- himself some capacity for admiring a pre-em- pable fighter, in whom, no matter what else may are present courage and strength.

rse it would be better if a prize-fighter were held ersal detestation. But is it entirely strange that uld not be in an age which affords the spectacle of ets of the Christian powers helping the Turks against fforts of Greece to free the Cretans from the tyranny e Mussulman?

While every Christian nation in Europe goes armed to e teeth like a border desperado, and in its policies pays more regard to the precepts of Christ than if He had ever lived and taught, is it really so very odd that an individual fighter of genius should not encounter abhorrence only when he enters the chief city of the United States? Human nature still offers plenty of work for civilization to do.

THE CHANCES OF GREEK FIGHTING.

The part which the Greek irregular will play in the war, which appears now to be almost inevitable, promises to be a most important one. While the regular forces would play the more showy role in such a campaign and concentrate the attention of the public, it is probable that by far the most effective work will be accomplished by the irregular bands. This is nearly always the case when a weaker power battles with a stronger. During the late war the importance of the operations of the forces led by such daring partisans as Colonel Mosby was far greater than has been generally ascribed to them by military historians. In the war of the Revolution Marion, Sumter and similar leaders contributed in a striking degree to the expulsion of Cornwallis from the more southerly sections and the cooping up of his army in a position where he could be more effectively beleaguered by Washington. The Napoleonic regime in Spain was less fatally assailed by Wellington and his regular forces than by the incessant harassing of the French troops by the Spanish guerillas, who night and day attacked wagon trains, intercepted communications, fell upon outlying parties and swarmed like angry wasps at every point of vantage. It is the constant dropping which wears the hardest rock.

The Cuban insurrection, which is gallantly and surely stroying the military resources of Spain, is in its methods ear of irregulars. Forces organized to disband when the opposition is too strong, and to reunite at some weaker point on the military line, to vanish here and to strike there, to play the part of Proteus in a thousand changes and transformations, have been the determining factor in many wars. The South American insurrections, which carved so many republics out of the Spanish domain in the New World, were carried on essentially by irregulars, and Bolivar and Paez were, according to military nomenclature, no more than guerilla chieftains.

However superior on the water, man for man, there can be no question that the regular Greek forces will not be able to cope with their Ottoman foes. Putting aside the question of relative courage, and certainly in this respect the Turk has no occasion for shame, the Greek army is inferior in all important points—numbers, discipline, arms and probably in skill of leadership. The chance of success in Greek military operations will be dependent on the work of the irregulars, and in this they will have an enormous advantage, perhaps sufficient to counterbalance other defects.

The dash of the Greek irregulars into Macedonia through narrow defiles where regular troops could hardly penetrate is an earnest of what is coming. Though the Hellenic Government disavows responsibility, there is no doubt that the Ethnike Hetairia or National League, which at this juncture really rules Greece, is at the bottom of the movement. It is estimated that before the end of the present week 10,000 will penetrate through Macedonia, Epirus and Albania, doing the work which the fierce Klephts performed in the Greek war of liberty. In these three Turkish provinces the Greek element is as strong as the Ottoman. To light the blaze of insurrection at a hundred points and create a war in the rear, to cut the Turkish communication and endanger the supply of food and ammunition—these constitute an achievement of the most vital importance to the Greek cause. It is believed that a hundred thousand of these predatory warriors can easily be raised to harass the Turkish rear, soldiers who will pay and feed themselves at the expense of the enemy. The Greek takes to this kind of fighting much more kindly than to regimental discipline, and there will be no lack of volunteers among the hardy Hellenic peasantry. It is not very doubtful that this factor of warfare can be made to more than compensate for other inferiority in fighting by land, not only in Greece itself, but by fomenting outbreaks in the Turkish provinces and isolating the enemy from his base.

THE SLAUGHTER OF OUR SEALS.

President McKinley is doing exactly right in moving anew for the protection of the fur seal from the pelagic fishers. It is quite certain that unless this destruction at sea shall cease the animal will presently become extinct. Professor David Starr Jordan, Chief of the Bering Sea Commission for 1896, has in the April Forum a timely and instructive article dealing with the whole subject. Each adult female seal found on the feeding grounds in Bering Sea, he explains, has a pup on the Pribylof Islands dependent upon her for nourishment. These pups take no other food than their mothers' milk while they remain on the islands, which islands are the property of the United States. In 1896 no fewer than 16,019 pups dead from starvation were found on St. Paul and St. George. These deaths resulted from the killing of the mothers at sea. Professor Jordan adds that not only does the death of the mother involve the death of her nursing offspring, but since the cows do not leave the islands before they are again with young, it also involves the death of the unborn pup.

The death of the nursing female fur seal, therefore, involves the loss of three lives, and is wasteful and ruinous in the extreme. Since pelagic sealing began upward of 400,000 female fur seals have been killed at sea, 300,000 pups have been starved to death on land and 400,000 unborn pups destroyed.

The only way in which the swiftly dwindling Pribylof herd can be saved and given the opportunity to increase again is by the absolute prohibition of pelagic sealing. On the island only superfluous males are killed; at sea it is the female which falls a prey to the sealer, for she is less active than the male. "If," says Professor Jordan, "existing forms of international law fail to protect a noble and valuable animal in its migrations or its feeding excursions at sea, then more international law must be written; and the actual habits of the animal must determine the nature of such law." The conclusion at which this expert arrives is pointed:

If we fail to secure a remedy through mutual agreement with Great Britain we can ourselves destroy pelagic sealing by branding the females and herding the males during August. Experiments carried on by us show that the female pups can be branded so as to destroy the value of the skin, without injury to the animal. This is a safe and effective method, and should be tried if it should be impossible to secure fair play. But now that the conditions are clearly understood there is no good reason why the matter cannot be honorably and amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of all the nations concerned. The McKinley Administration has few duties more important than to bring about this adjustment.

The London press is grieved because the United States is showing insistence, and the British Government seems to have more regard for the interests of the Canadian pelagic sealers than for the preservation of the seals. But the London importers, who understand the situation, are heartily with us. They know that pelagic sealing is ruining the future of their trade.

It is cabled from London that the St. James's Gazette, referring to the dispute in Hawaii regarding the landing of Japanese immigrants, says that "if a rupture between Japan and the United States takes place the latter may find the Japanese navy a hard customer to tackle." And the Japanese navy would enjoy the hearty sympathy of the St. James's Gazette and most of our cordial British cousins, who have always bestowed upon us the distinction of their ill will when we have been in trouble.

The new Commissioner of Pensions has decided that it is economical for the Government to restore the pension agencies abolished by the order of Mr. Cleveland. With the increased facilities for paying out pension money Uncle Sam, according to this logic, ought to be able to squander himself rich.

The Kansas Populists are reorganizing the State College and placing Populist professors in charge of its various branches. It looks as if Kansas is to have Populism drilled into it in every conceivable shape.

General Weyler's profits from the Cuban campaign are said to be quite satisfactory to that gentleman. In fact he will be able to show even greater dividends than Mr. Powderly is to get out of last year's campaign.

The late Cleveland candidate for Mayor of Chicago didn't have the Cleveland idea beaten out of him, notwithstanding the small vote he received. He announces that he will be a candidate the next time.

The Administration at Washington applauds the Civil Service law, but the usual number of partisan changes are being made in the departments.

The Iowa is a very speedy vessel, but she will not be able to run away from the $200,000 bonus her builders are to receive.

It would not be considered much disgrace for a Greek general to be captured while wearing a hoop skirt.

The gentlemen who are of Mayor Strong's way of thinking are not particularly numerous at Albany.

Miss Phoebe Couzens may as well prepare to hear herself alluded to as a female Judas Iscariot.

Mr. David Bennett Hill volunteers not wisely, but too frequently.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

IN THE "Recollections of an Octogenarian," a book of great interest to New Yorkers, that deals with the city as it was between the years 1816 and 1860, there is a picture of the country residence of Colonel William S. Smith, one of the finest houses of its kind at that day, standing in the midst of spacious and well-kept grounds overlooking the East River, opposite Blackwell's Island. The city has grown up all around that once quiet and lovely region, and very few of the old landmarks remain; but Colonel Smith's house is still standing near the corner of Sixty-first street and Avenue A, and although the street has been cut through its once ample grounds, the house itself has not been touched, and a finer specimen of an old-time Knickerbocker mansion cannot be found within the city limits. It was occupied until a short time ago by the family of the man who built it during the last century, and although it stands in the midst of coal yards and tenement houses, and in a neighborhood infested by a tough gang, there is still something very attractive about its old walls of gray stone, its green hedge and its pleasant piazzas.

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When George H. Richmond was arrested by Anthony Comstock for selling "The Triumph of Death" he was very mad, and his indignation increased when the matter was taken up in the daily newspapers and dreadful pictures purporting to bear some resemblance to himself and his son George glistened in the pages of our esteemed morning and evening contemporaries. The gates of Sing Sing seemed to yawn before him, and he was convinced that financial ruin was close at hand. Little did he know that the publicity given him by the newspaper articles and portraits was going to be worth thousands of dollars to him; but such has been the case. The very moment that the judges decided that "The Triumph of Death" was suitable reading matter for old as well as young, the orders began to pour in to such an extent that both Richmond and D'Annunzio feel like contributing some of their profits to a statue for Anthony Comstock.

* * *

If the office of dramatic critic were to be abolished fully one-half of the young men who are now studying in night school, working in stores or playing football at college with a view of eventually "drifting into journalism," as the saying is, would immediately turn their thoughts and aspirations in some other direction. I believe that nearly every one of these worthy young men goes into the newspaper business in the firm belief that the dramatic critic occupies the most enviable position that the world has to offer, and I am positive that every mother's son of them is sure that he possesses remarkable qualifications for the post. And yet every experienced editor or newspaper proprietor knows what a difficult thing it is to obtain a really good dramatic critic, and I mean by that one who will do his work just as well during the second year of his office as in the first. Now it seems an easy thing to sit in a comfortable aisle seat and then write an article stating that "Miss Birdie Quicklime invested the role with the full charm of her sweet innocent girlhood," or that "the music, although at times reminiscent, possesses all the charm and sparkle of absolute novelty;" and, besides, there is a certain importance that attaches itself to the man who does it, so it is not surprising that the young collegian should earnestly desire an opportunity to mould public opinion from this same well-cushioned aisle seat. It is an easy thing to do this from the standpoint of the comfortable chair. An experienced dramatic critic could do it in the saloon next door, standing on his hands and writing the article with his feet. There are some things, however, in connection with the chair of dramatic criticism that tend to make it a difficult office for the young and downy to fill, and one of these things is the great American press agent.

Once I asked a sagacious New York editor the name of his dramatic critic, and he made answer: "I've got a lot of them. I find that no matter how good a young man may be in that place for six months, he is sure to attract the attention of the press agents and managers, and then they get hold of him and persuade him that he's very clever, and that his forte lies in the way of favorable notices of their own shows, and pretty soon he's no use to me, though he's a very good man for them."

If I were to establish a chair of journalism in an American college, and, God helping me, I will not, I would employ a skilful New York press agent as a sort of practice shell for the embryo dramatic critics. Then I would take the students to a comic opera and let the press agent buzz about them while they wrote their notices. Just fancy a young man standing by his critical guns in the face of this sort of thing: "My dear boy, I've got a supper invitation for you for to-morrow night—just you and me and a bird and a lady, and then she'll thank you herself for the nice things you're saying about her now. She heard all about you long before she struck this town, I can tell you; in fact, she's a great friend of an old schoolmate of yours, and she's as fine a little lady as there is in the land. Don't forget that second lady from the end, either, the one in the green tights. She saw you through the hole in the curtain, and sent out to me to know who you were. We'll have her to supper, too, if you say—but perhaps we'd better not, it would make the star jealous."

About this time the future moulder of public opinion goes down in hopeless wreck and journalism has lost what should have been one of its brightest ornaments.

One by one the old traditions and fetiches are falling before the relentless march of cold truth. Yesterday a man of undoubted veracity walked up Fifth avenue with a pair of blue spectacles on his nose. In response to the inquiry of a friend, he made answer: "I'll have to wear these for a week yet, till my eyes get well. I have been spending a few days in what is probably the dirtiest city in the Union, and I got my eyes and ears and nose so full of the dirt of the street that was blown into them that I had to put myself in the hands of a doctor the very minute I got back to New York. And, by the way, I never realized until I struck this dear old town again what a clean, spick-and-span place it is, to be sure. Why, you could eat your dinner off the paving stones on Broadway. But I wouldn't want to eat my dinner in an open window in the town I've just been visiting."

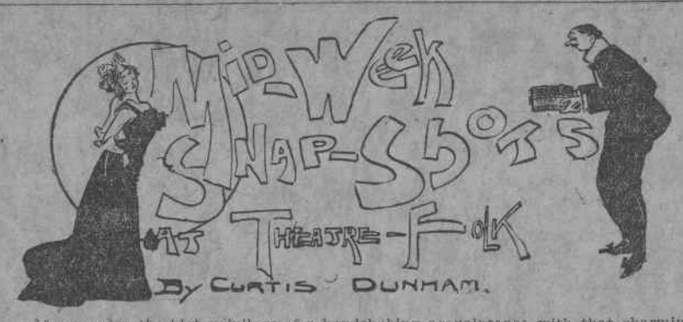
"And what town was that?" asked his friend.

"Boston, the city of the big, clean bluff!" replied he of the blue goggles.

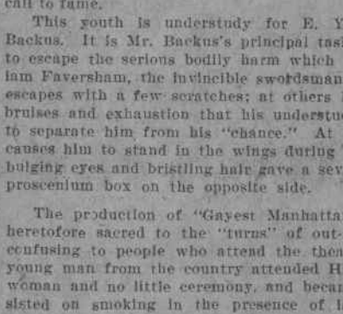
A General Opinion.

[Washington Post.]

It appears that there are persons who are inclined to the belief that Hon. William L. Wilson is not the proper person to hammer the Dingley bill with a split paddle or an inflated bladder.



If you enjoy the high privilege of a handshaking acquaintance with that charming young actress, Ida Conquest, do not be disheartened when, at your next meeting, her actions seem to indicate that you have been mistaken, and that your proper status is that of a bowing acquaintance only. It is not Miss Conquest's fault that her demeanor of late is less cordial than usual. It is the fault of sadly strained relations between two factions of the Twelfth Night Club, which are rapidly approaching a crisis. The rival factions are led by May Robson and Viola Allen, and it is Miss Conquest's misfortune to be the most prominent member of the club whose views on the political situation remain in doubt. Her position is identical with that of Senator David B. Hill during the late national campaign, except that Miss Conquest has no Wolfert's Roost refuge from the onslaughts of the besieging factions. As May 3, the date of the election, approaches, these onslaughts grow more numerous and persistent. Grave questions are at stake. Shall the Twelfth Night Club continue to be purely social in its policy, according to Miss Allen's platform? Or shall Miss Robson's idea of the production of plays written by members of the club, and other public functions similar to the Lambs' Club scheme, prevail? Such is the painful condition of things which is accountable for Miss Conquest's present lack of cordiality. Moreover, it is whispered on the Rialto that Miss Conquest has been physically unable to indulge in the demonstration of handshaking since a memorable scene at the club a few days ago wherein Miss Allen and Miss Robson are represented as tugging at her from opposite sides with such force as to strain the tendons of her blue veined wrists. But this is believed to be a slander invented by Alf Hayman, who fears, from the managerial standpoint, the growing influence of the Twelfth Night Club.



On the invitation of Minnie Maddern Fiske a number of theatrical people and others attended a view of the clay model of a life-size bust of Mrs. Fiske in the character of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, given at the studio of the sculptor, Mr. Max Bachman. The bust is to be done in bronze. It represents what might be called the apotheosis of Tess, at the moment when the detectives surround her and she says: "The sun has come." The model was much admired, and the finished bronze will be a valuable souvenir of a most important stage in Mrs. Fiske's career.

Being a layman, familiar with one side of the footlights only, you are probably not familiar with the lofty aspirations, the secret fears and the bounding hopes represented by that slang greenroom phrase:

"The understudy's chance."

But in the world back of the footlights it is understood, dreamed about, and daily commented upon, that the glorious achievements of at least half of the great actors and actresses of the world dated from the day that "the understudy's chance" fell in their way.

In the company which nightly appears at the Empire Theatre in "Under the Red Robe" there is an understudy—who shall be nameless upon this occasion—whose keen desire for a "chance" early in the season is more than offset by the spasm of terror which now attacks him at each performance at the bare thought of the traditional call to fame.

This youth is understudy for E. Y. Backus. It is Mr. Backus's principal task to escape the serious bodily harm which threatens him nightly in his duel with William Faversham, the invincible swordsman hero of the piece. Sometimes Mr. Backus escapes with a few scratches; at others he retires in such a pitiable condition of bruises and exhaustion that his understudy can only pray that fate may long continue to separate him from his "chance." At each performance a horrible fascination causes him to stand in the wings during the duel, and recently the spectacle of his bulging eyes and bristling hair gave a severe shock to the occupants of the lower proscenium box on the opposite side.

The production of "Gayest Manhattans" and "Great New Yorks" at resorts heretofore sacred to the "turns" of out-and-out vaudevillians seems to be sadly confusing to people who attend the theatre only occasionally. A few nights ago a young man from the country attended Hammerstein's Olympia with a rural young woman and no little ceremony, and became highly indignant because gentlemen insisted on smoking in the presence of ladies. Night before last at the Casino the occupant of a seat in the orchestra lighted a cigar and smoked it in defiance of the ushers, until he was informed that the Casino was not a music hall, when he retired, refusing his money back and threatening to make a "test case" of it.

Marc Klaw, who vies with Edward E. Rice for the fame belonging to the connoisseur par excellence of feminine shapeliness, is credited with grave doubts nowadays as to whether the game is worth the candle. It is Mr. Klaw who passes final judgment on the fine-looking young women who add so much to the success of "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "The Brownies," and who, it is announced, will be the crowning glory of Klaw & Erlanger's forthcoming revieW at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Mr. Klaw's present pressing trouble is due to the knowledge all along Broadway that he is now engaged in passing judgment on chorus material for the new review. At this season of the year Broadway is always crowded with chorus girls who are willing to be engaged for a long metropolitan Summer run; and, incidentally, they are all beautiful. Providence seems to be favoring their design, inasmuch as the offices of Mr. Klaw and of Mrs. Fernandez, the popular proprietress of an established dramatic agency, adjoin each other. Mrs. Fernandez does not discourage the tendency on the part of all unemployed beautiful young women to make their headquarters at her offices. Just at present they overflow by dozens into the hall, which is the climax of Mr. Klaw's trouble. As there is no fire-escape, Mr. Klaw's only means of exit at lunch time, and when he wants to catch the train for New Rochelle, is through this same hall. Nothing hurts Mr. Klaw's feelings so much as to injure those of a hundred beautiful young women in a body. Latterly he has either gone without his lunch or brought a sandwich with him in the morning wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

Most people who take an interest in matters theatrical are aware that the season in the Far West has not been the most profitable that ever was. It requires the descriptive powers of Frank Daniels, however, to do full justice to the situation. A few days ago Mr. Daniels and his "Wizard of the Nile" company reached town full of joy at the prospect of breathing the atmosphere of Broadway for a whole week before opening at the Broadway Theatre. As the comedian stood in front of the Imperial Hotel yesterday afternoon, thrusting out his chest and drawing long, deep breaths, he was approached by Oscar Hammerstein, who remarked enviously on the other's aspect of perfect contentment.

"I am contented," said Mr. Daniels. "I have reason to be. I've just returned from the West. You've no idea of the condition of things out there. We played to packed houses, of course; we always do. But for the majority of attractions business has been so bad that the theatres have to resort to the most humiliating economies. Even at the —— Theatre in ——, the orchestra was such a cheap affair that it was only by means of a piano presided at by our director that we were able to get through a performance. It was during the wait preceding the last act that we were confronted with the full horrors of the situation. While our director was wondering how he would get through the finale he was approached by the first violin—such as he was—who asked if he and the clarinet could be excused for the finale.

"'What for?' demanded Palma, almost falling off his chair.

"'Why, me and the clarinet have to lower the curtain,' said the fellow without turning a hair."

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music	Brian Boru	Keith's	Continuous Performance
Bijou	Courted Into Court	Knickerbocker	The Serenade
Broadway Theatre	Wizard of the Nile	Koster & Bial's	Gayest Manhattan
Casino	The Wedding Day	Madison Square Garden	Barnum & Bailey
Columbus Theatre	A Boy Wanted	Metropolitan Opera House	Carmen
Daly's	Shakespeare's Tempest	Murray Hill	McCarthy's Mishaps
Empire	Under the Red Robe	Olympia Music Hall	In Great New York
Eden Musee	World of Wax	People's Theatre	In Hogan's Alley
Fifth Ave. Theatre	Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Pastor's Theatre	Vaudeville
Germania Theatre	Therese Krones	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.	
Grand Opera House	Sowing the Wind	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous Noon to 11 P. M.	
Garrick Theatre	Never Again	Star Theatre	A Lion's Heart
Herald Square	The Girl from Paris	Wallack's	Miss Manhattan
Harlem Opera House	Puddinhead Wilson	Weber & Fields's	Under the Red Globe
Hoyt's	The Man from Mexico		
Huber's 14th St. Museum	Vaudeville		

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Generally fair; warmer, southerly winds.

A Moment with the Chappies.

YALE men are taking a lively interest in the proposition to establish a Yale Club in New York. Nearly every alumnus that has been approached thus far has consented to join, and it looks very much as though the new club would be started.

The one objection that I have heard is the very serious one that the college-bred chappie has too many clubs already. A majority of Yale graduates belong to the University Club, and those that are of New York lineage and social tendencies covet membership in the ultra fashionable clubs, if they do not possess it already. Then there are political clubs and various organizations that concern one's avocation until the sum total of club demands upon a chappie's time and purse becomes a burden.

Many of the men that have signed for this new Yale Club feel that it would be useless to them. They are, therefore, lukewarm in its support, and would have refused to put down their names at all if it had not been for that sentimental regard for the credit of alma mater that never dies.

Harvard has a thriving club in New York, and Yale, especially young Yale that is now on the waiting list of the University Club, can see no reason why the New Haven University should not have one, too.

If the Yale Club should become a reality, as is likely, it will put out of its misery that superannuated, torpid and moth-eaten institution, the Yale Alumni Association.

"Baby Belle" Neilson appears to have inherited all the originality and independence of her clever mother.

She fluttered into the shop of a Fifth avenue florist the other afternoon and exclaimed:

"Now, look here! I want you to understand very clearly that if it rains on the 20th you needn't send those flowers for my wedding. I've postponed my marriage once on account of the Grant monument parade and I'll do it again rather than marry on a rainy day!"

Miss Neilson evidently believes in "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." But the poor florist is in a terrible stew. He is going to consult Farmer Dunn as to the weather probabilities, and meantime will not cease to invoke the Lord to withhold the tears of Heaven from the earth on "Baby Belle's" wedding day.

That Mr. Arthur Kemp, Miss Neilson's prospective bridegroom, will add his prayers to those of the florist goes without saying.

One of the most interesting chappies of my acquaintance is S. Carman Harriot, whose father died about six years ago and left a large fortune to his son with the extraordinary provision that the money should go to Carman's wife as soon as he should get one.

This remarkable will has forced Carman to live in the shadow of matrimony, as it were. If he takes a wife he impoverishes himself. And yet to one of his tender heart and sympathetic nature the serene joys of domestic happiness must appeal powerfully.

The result of the complication is that Carman does not hoard his wealth, to say the least.

Not long ago an impecunious chappie went to him with a hard luck story about a hard-hearted tailor and Carman paid the bill. When that row occurred over the proceeds from the "living picture" exhibit that Mrs. Sutro conducted in the Fifth Avenue Theatre some two years ago, it was Carman Harriot that came to the relief of the young man who had caused all the trouble. He drew his check for the deficiency.

A chap like that deserves a wife and a good one, and I'm thinking he'd have had her long ago if it hadn't been for that confounded will.

Mr. Harriot is now about thirty-five years old and lives with his mother and sister. They entertain handsomely, and he is popular alike with the chapples and chappisettes, aside from the influence of the peculiar conditions of his inheritance.

Some quidnunc has written to me for an explanation of the singular fact that Nicola Tesla, the electrician, can sleep on the surface of the ocean with no other equipment than a bathing suit. He wants to know how Mr. Tesla performs such a seeming miracle, and suggests that he will have to doubt the accuracy of my statement unless I can satisfy his inquisitiveness.

My quidnunc can go to, as Shakespeare would say.

Tesla told me that he had done this thing not only at Seabright, but on the rivers of his own country without so much as a bathing suit. It was his habit as a youth to take these aquatic naps, and it often happened that the current carried him miles down stream before he awoke, so that he had to leave his liquid couch, take to the land and walk back to his home.

I must admit that people unaccustomed to Tesla's favorite way of sleeping might be tempted to suspect that there is more of Munchausen than of miracle in his amphibious reminiscence.

But such people do not know Tesla. To look into the clear light of his truthful gray eyes as he tells this story is to deal a death-blow to the last doubt.

The "Humming Birds" of the Opera Club are heartbroken over the decision not to have Italian and French opera at the Metropolitan next season.

They wont be able to perch in the omnibus box or pose in the lobbies any longer. What will the dear things do?

Other chappies, who were not wont to pelt the prima donna with posies or to go humming through the corridors during the entr'actes or to look wise and shake the head and make the wry face in disapproval of the performance or to nod in smiling approbation while beating time with the finger, will be sorry, too. Not because the opportunity to exhibit themselves is about to go, but because they are to lose the joy of listening to such music as the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau has given to us all these years—the best music that the world afforded.

Society is awake to the loss it is about to sustain and is making the most of the last nights of the supplementary season. That is why the tradition of the haut ton to eschew the theatre in Holy Week is made inapplicable to the Metropolitan Opera House this year.

With the "Old Brick Row" doomed, the last vestige of the "fence" to go and "Handsome Dan," the bulldog mascot of the athletic teams, dead, Yale is in a blue funk.

No wonder "Bob" Cook is depressed, and the reports of the crew are earlier and gloomier than ever.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.